

Come with me to the dens of shame, to the saloons, the poolrooms, and the gambling dens of this great city, and here, far towards the morning, I will show you the men who have ceased to be "silly". Sisters do you want those husbands at home? Go back, go back to the days of heaven on earth and become lovers again. "Kiss and make up," and don't be afraid if the stoical old world sneers at you. Win back the love you have lost. Smile as winningly, and dress as prettily for John, the husband, as you used to do for John, the lover. Speaking as a man, I would say to you candidly, I would rather sit at one end of the table and gnaw at a piece of beefsteak tough as the leather of my shoe soles, and have a pretty face smiling at me above a clear tidy lace-trimmed collar and beneath a tastily dressed head of golden hair, than to eat steak that would melt in my mouth, while at the other end of the table a face glared at me with a slouch beneath it a frizzle-top above it! I would that! Any man worth his salt, does not, *cannot* love a slouch!

It doesn't make any difference about these things after you have your bird, eh? Ah! but it *does* make a difference! It makes all the difference between sweetly living and miserably existing. Yea, in thousands of homes it is making all the difference between a heaven and a hell. How many a heart is throbbing, today,—throbbing to its companion heart,—"Love me more, O love me more!"

L. S. BAUMAN.

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Christ the Alpha and Omega

Jesus Christ is the central figure of all time. The finger of promise, prophecy and genealogy all pointed to him. The finger of chronology will ever point to him.

He is first and last in the physical universe. "All things were made by him." "The firmament sheweth his handiwork." "For by him were all things created."

He is the Alpha and Omega of the Bible. Take Christ from the Old Testament and what is left? The fall of man without hope of redemption; bare dry facts of history; prophecies of destruction. Take Christ from the New Testament and what is left? Nothing; for from the first of Matt. to the last of Rev., Christ is the central figure, fact and theme.

Christ is the Alpha and Omega of the christian ministry "For we preach Christ crucified"

"Tell me the story of Jesus"

Write on my heart every word;

Tell me the story most precious,
Sweeter that ever was heard."

He is first and last in the worlds salvation. The world was dying in sin, suffering the penalty of a broken law. Powerless to redeem itself, and in man's need he interposed to save. No other blood ever will atone for man's sin; no other sacrifice ever redeem.

He is first and last in heaven, the great

center of attraction there. O, glorious moment when we first behold him, father, mother, loved ones gone before, all forgotten that first moment and he will be all in all, and forever and forever we will find our chief joy in ascribing praises to him.

LAURA E. N. HEDRICK.

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We Must be True to Our Vision

Twenty-five years ago Bro. Holsinger's vision was a great church, alive in Sunday school and missionary work. Men said "you must not teach it." But Bro. Holsinger was true to his vision. He could not "but speak the things which he saw and heard." A few years proved he was right. Today our German Baptist brethren are as active in all these enterprises as he could have wished. They acknowledge he was right. For their progress I thank God; but one thing remains, they should practice what they preach by going to Bro. Holsinger and saying, "Bro. Henry, you were right. We wronged you. In God's name we ask your forgiveness. Come, let us be brethren."

G. W. RENCH.

Mexico, Ind.

TRIP TO EUROPE

J. M. TOMBAUGH.

It has not been many years since a voyage from continent to continent across the pathless sea, was attended by perils so great that a timid person might well hesitate before undertaking it. The ordinary perils of wind and wave furnished only a part of the terrors of a trans Atlantic voyage a hundred years ago. There were other difficulties incident to such a trip—discomforts and privations unavoidable in the day of small, slow moving and poorly equipped sailing vessels—which made the voyage from New York to Liverpool a formidable undertaking. The perils have not been wholly eliminated yet it is true, for at certain seasons of the year old *Boreas* comes howling from his northern cave to dispute the claim of Britannia, or any other people who profess to rule the waves, and even the stoutest ship may be driven upon the rocks and lost. But the maritime art has made such strides since steam has been employed to propel ships, that a modern ocean steamer furnishes not only the most luxurious, but the *safest* means of travel.

Knowing something of the provisions made by steam-ship companies to insure the safety of passengers and knowing too that "God is on the water just the same as on the land," I embarked without "fear or trembling," at New York, August 8, on the "Oceanic" of the White Star Line, for Queenstown Ireland, to begin a journey thru Europe, extending as far as Venice. I traveled neither extensively nor to unknown lands, but I had many pleasant experiences and saw many strange and novel sights, and it will be a pleasure to me to live over again the ten weeks which the journey occupied while I conduct the EVANGELIST family—as many of them as read these

letters—over the whole ground my trip embraced. In this series of letters I shall draw liberally upon the descriptions which I wrote on the spot, of places I saw, and as I mean the letters to be merely descriptive, I shall in most cases, leave the moralizing to the reader.

To begin at the very beginning, the embarkation at New York was in itself an interesting event. Sixteen hundred passengers with their almost numberless belongings, to say nothing of great bags and boxes and cases of merchandise, had to be taken aboard and conducted to their allotted places. A grimy line of stevedores toiled slowly up the plank bearing back-breaking burdens, and then, having lightened themselves of their load, hurried down again to take up other burdens—an unending procession of human pack-horses. And amidst all the skurry and bustle, the creaking of cranes and shouting of officers, the passengers and their friends to be left on shore were bidding each other good-bye. Many of the farewells were tearful, some were pathetic, others were jolly and light-hearted, while not a few of the passengers stood at the rail and looked down upon the animated sea of upturned faces and waving hands and fluttering handkerchiefs, and felt lonely with the thought that not one of all the chorus of good wishes and "God bless you" and "Good-byes," were for them. One seldom feels so much alone as when, a part of a great company, he is sensible of strong currents of human feeling all about him—of love and friendship—and yet realizes that his is only a spectator's part in it all. The solitude of the forest or the desert is less oppressive.

A feeling like that, with the agony intensified a thousand fold, will be experienced in the last day by those who see the children of God entering into the kingdom and they themselves thrust out.

When the farewells were all said, and we were well under way, and the shore-line began to grow indistinct in the distance, we turned to inspect the magnificent ship which was to be our ocean home during the week or more we were to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

The "Oceanic," with one exception, is the largest in tonnage of any vessel ever built; and it is, without exception, the longest ship afloat. From prow to rudder the distance is seven hundred and four feet—considerably more than one eighth of a mile, or very nearly forty-three rods. The vessel has two funnels, or smokestacks, each a hundred and twenty-nine feet long; and so large are they in diameter, that if one of them were to be laid horizontally on the ground and its form slightly changed—from tubular to the half circle of an ordinary railroad tunnel—it would be large enough for a double track railroad and for the passing of two trains. The engines of the "Oceanic" have a combined horse power of twenty-five thousand, and to drive them requires the consumption of nearly five hundred tons of coal daily.